

The Evening World.

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"CASE NO. 9349."

THE people of Brooklyn continue to furnish enthusiastic support for The Evening World's campaign against the barbarous transportation practices of the B. R. T. and the indifference of the Public Service Commission.

In a letter, which we print elsewhere, the Chairman of the Brooklyn Civic Committee tells how the Public Service Commission treated a formal protest against the intolerable crowding on Rockaway Beach trains:

In reply to my complaint, which is known as Case No. 9349, I beg to quote part of a letter received from the Public Service Commission on July 28, 1913:

"The riding upon the trains to Rockaway at certain times is so great that it seems practically impossible to furnish the service necessary to prevent overcrowding. Inasmuch as the traffic is for pleasure, and not from necessity, there is less reason for complaint."

The Public Service Commission has its own characteristic maxims: If people will go to the beach for pleasure they must expect to be transported like cattle.—Nothing is ever so bad that it mightn't be worse.—The shortest way with a complaint is to call it unreasonable.

For seven years the public has maintained this costly Commission, an important part of whose duty is to keep informed as to the manner in which street railroad lines are managed, conducted and operated "with respect to the adequacy, security and accommodation afforded by their service."

When the public, after suffering from the inhuman methods of a corporation that notoriously jams its passengers into short trains of old-style, single-exit cars, ventures to protest to its Public Service Commission, is it going to be satisfied with being told that it might have more to complain of?

Or did it establish the Public Service Commission to find excuses for the B. R. T.?

A Tokio newspaper announces the outcome of municipal elections in the Japanese capital: "Tammany Defeated!"

Reading further, we learn that "the remarkable feature in yesterday's election was the defeat of the leaders of the Tokiwaki, or Tammany Hall of Tokio," and that "anti-Tokiwaki sentiment has struck a particularly severe blow to the future of the Tokiwaki party."

We know just how gratifying this must be to the Tokio Futonists. Now we are all impatient to hear how they get rid of their Murphal.

CENTRAL PARK CONCERTS.

LOVER of open-air music has brought to the notice of Park Commissioner Ward several ways in which the concerts in Central Park Mall might be made more enjoyable for the public.

Among other suggestions are (1) signs requesting silence in the vicinity of the music pavilion during the concerts, (2) special seats for children under eight and those accompanying them and (3) a section for smokers.

As everybody who has attended these concerts knows, the music is frequently spoiled by the shouts and scufflings of children who race about the walks near the pavilion and climb up and down the bank in front of the Casino.

The last thing anybody wishes is to curtail the pleasure of youngsters in the park. Let it be now and always their playground. But surely it would not inflict too much hardship to expect children during the brief moments when the band is playing, either to romp in other parts of the park or to sit quietly with their elders.

People who bring children to the concerts should teach them to respect the rights of others. Unaccompanied children who think it fun to dash in and out of the crowds who are trying to hear the music will suffer no harm from being taught better manners. The police should shoo them away.

After all, the park is big enough for everybody. The music is for those who care to listen to it.

Just like the Colonel to go and make himself infusible.

Letters From the People

Chances in Alaska.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A young man writes asking about the chances in Alaska. My personal knowledge of this territory reaches back a few points along the coast from Vancouver to Juneau. But from Vancouver to Juneau, but from the numerous mining friends I have there I get pretty accurate information. Alaska, with its 580,000 square miles of territory, will, in all probability, some time be a mighty region. For the present I think it holds more of hardship and serious privations than almost any other. Most of the people going there are adventurous. Opportunities must be made, not found. The principal industries are mines and fur. There are three months of summer (when wheat doesn't have time to ripen) and nine months of winter. The balance may be guessed. Juneau, in my time, was a struggling little town of about 10,000 people. It is now a notable for having one of the largest gold mines as well as one of the largest stamp mills in the world. Alaska will take a new life when the Government builds more railroads.

"Gravity" Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish scientific readers would briefly discuss the following: Is gravity a universal force or only an inherent property of matter? If there were no matter, would the force of gravity still exist? The best books on physics state that gravity is a general law in nature. But this does not answer my question, for

the meaning of the term "nature" is not defined. I believe that gravity is a universal force. But that it is measured by the square of the distance and mass of matter is rather against this belief. GRAVITY.

More B. R. T. Testimony.

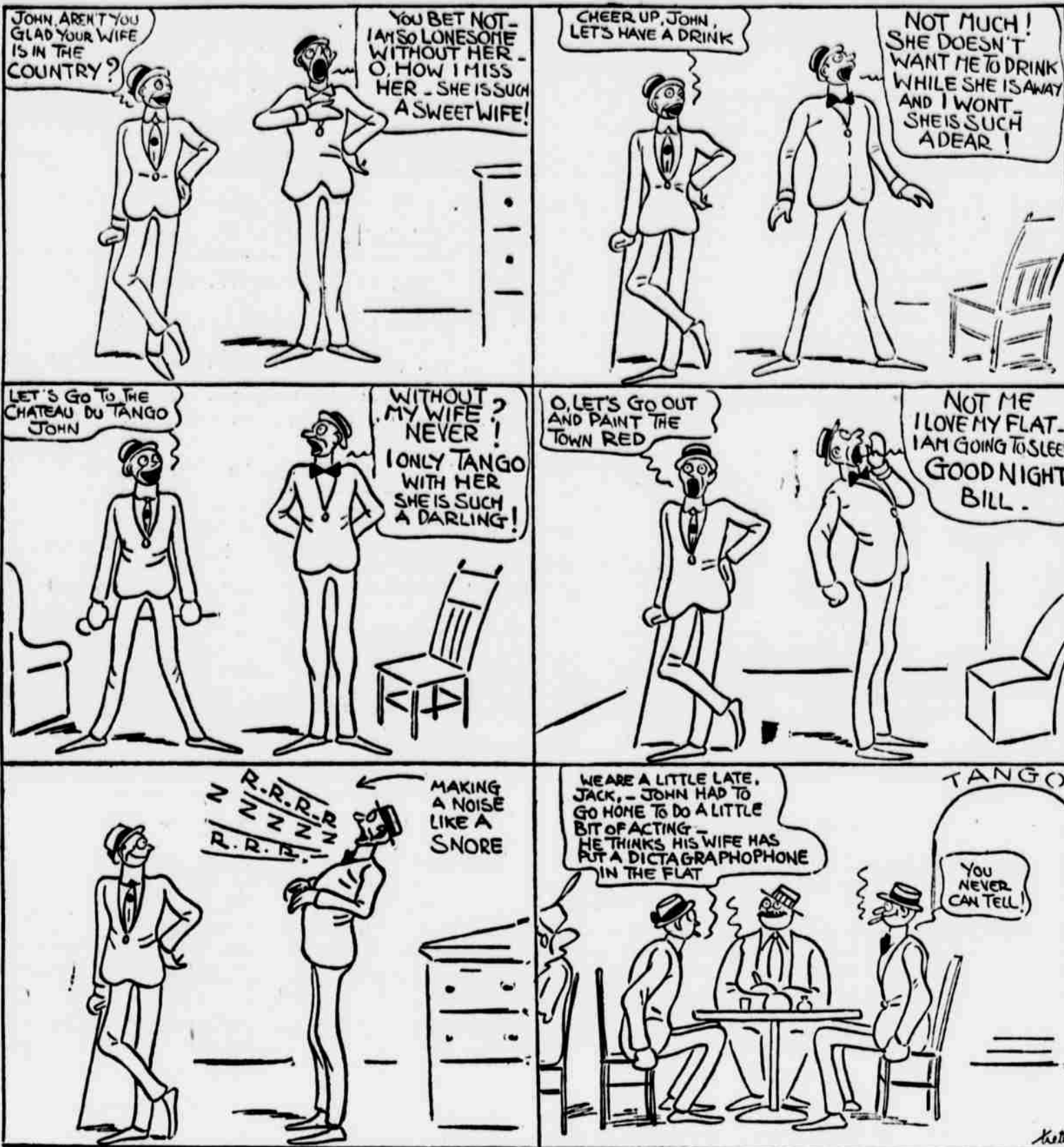
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Noting the exceedingly gentle rebukes that are being administered to our devoted servant, the B. R. T., would it be impertinent to ask for the legal basis upon which they collect a double fare to North Beach? And, notwithstanding that we are permitted to contribute our little mites (it ought to be mighty) to make up the fat salaries of their officers, we are glad also to stand up on their few cars that get put in service on these lines; that is, almost sixty percent of the passengers on the rush days. And if you do not get on at the beach and cannot reach another line, why just walk; for the cars are so crowded that the motorman often do not even stop except when compelled to let passengers off. At Prospect Park station recently occurred another example of their able management. With a crowded platform, four Flatbush avenue-Prospect Park cars came in within two minutes, for which there were at least a half dozen passengers, while the next two Lorimer street cars could not take away all the passengers who were waiting for them, and not a Norad avenue car was in sight. This was before 12 o'clock P.M. Try it after that hour. And where is the committee or individual that our able Mayor was to appoint to see that the P. & C. gave proper attention to complaints? B. R. T.

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy. By Famous Authors

No. 27—THE SECRET OF COURAGE, by Plutarch.

(A Letter to His Wife.)

As for the messenger you despatched to tell me of the death of our little daughter, it seems he missed his way. As he was going to Athens, he was taken by a fever and died. But when I came to Tanagra I heard of it by my niece. I suppose by this time the funeral is over.

Dear Wife—Let you and me bear our affliction with patience. I know well and do comprehend what loss we have had, but if it should find you sad beyond measure, this would trouble me more than the thing itself. This daughter was born after four sons, when you were longing to bear a daughter; which made me call her by your own name. Therefore I think that she was particularly dear to you. And grief I know must have a peculiar pungency in a mind tenderly affectionate to children, when you call to mind how naturally witty and innocent she was, void of anger and not querulous.

Her gratitude and kindness made her a delight.

Now, my dear wife, I see no reason why these and the like things which delighted us so much when she was alive should upon remembrance of them afflict us when she is dead.

We see most other women receive their children in their hands as playthings, with a feminine jollity and mirth, and afterward, if they chance to die, they will drench themselves in the most vain and excessive sorrow. Not that this is any effect of their love, for that gentle passion acts regularly and discreetly; but it

rather proceeds from a desire of vain glory, mixed with a little natural affection, which renders their mourning barbarous, brutish and extravagant. Everybody at first gives grief free access and after she is once rooted and settled and become familiar she will not be forced thence by their best endeavors. Therefore, Grief must be resisted at her first approach; nor must we surrender the fort to her by any exterior signs whatever of apparel or any other such like symptoms of mournful weakness, which happening daily and wounding us by degrees with a kind of foolish bashfulness, at length do so enervate the mind and reduce her to such straits that the poor timorous wretch dare not be merry or see the light or eat and drink in company.

This inconvenience is accompanied by a neglect of the body, carelessness of anointing and bathing, with whatsoever relates to the elegance of human life. But that which is most to be dreaded in case of bereavement does not at all frighten me—to wit, the visits of foolish women and their accompanying you by tears and lamentations, by which you sharpen their grief, not suffering it either of itself or by the help of others to fade and vanish away. For I am not ignorant how great combat you entered, when you assisted the sister of Theon, and opposed the women who came running in with horrid cries and lamentations, bringing fuel, as it were, to her lamentations.

Assuredly when men see their neighbor's house on fire everybody does his utmost to quench it; but when they see the mind inflamed with furious passions, they bring fuel to nourish and increase the flame. When a man's life is in pain he is not suffered to touch it, though the inflammation provoke him to it; nor will they that are near him meddle

Children's Fashions



AQUAINT little frock of blue and white striped linen is edged with a band of white linen.

AQUAINT little bolero bodice of white batiste has long ends which tie in a knot, the edges of which are embroidered in blue.

White straw hat trimmed with blue and white striped ribbon.

\$10,000 Reward for Being a Gentleman

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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"FOR being a gentleman I bequeath to Albert Ayer of Omaha ten thousand dollars."

This was an item in a will left by a woman from Dayton who had been in a wreck with the "gentleman" ten years previous.

It seemed that the man, a watchman, though injured himself, attended to the needs of other passengers before looking after his own hurts, among these passengers being the woman who made the will.

While every gentleman doesn't get ten thousand dollars for proving that he is a gentleman, yet being a gentleman at all times is rarely without reward—even if that reward be but the glow that always comes when you have conducted yourself as such.

Being a gentleman doesn't mean looking the part. For there is many a man in evening clothes who is anything but a gentleman.

A hair's breadth sometimes marks the gentleman from the man who isn't. A very trifling thing often shows the innate gentleness toward life in all its frailties. A gentleman is always in the process of making, for he can prove that he is one every minute of the day.

There are thousands of ways of being a gentleman that are not entered in the book of etiquette.

A gentleman is not one who knows how to use his fork, but rather to use his head, hand and heart.

Being a gentleman is giving to right rather than to might. A gentleman is always discouraging other men's discussion of women.

Being a gentleman is overlooking the childish pranks of your neighbor's children.

Being a gentleman is never forgetting "please," "thank you" and "beg your pardon" to the man who is working below you.

Sayings of MR. SOLOMON BEING THE SEVEN HUNDREDTH WIFE OF THE CONFESIONS. TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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MY DAUGHTER, hear now the Prayer of the Summer Girl:

Oh, Providence, be merciful unto me, a Summer Girl, and send to me, I pray Thee:

Hair that will stay in curl—and a man that will remain devoted for MORE than three days in succession.

Powder that will stick upon the nose—and an INTERESTING swain that will not depart upon the early Monday morning train.

For, lo! all week days are as one day at the summer resort, and there is nothing new under the sun.

One man cometh and another goeth, but all the ELIGIBLES remain in the city.

The old bachelor firteth and his words are as stale as last year's phonograph records and as dry as the hotel salad.

The callow youth pursueth thee, and he is greener than new strawberries and fresher than spring lamb.

The NICE man appeareth upon Saturday, and for a whole WEEK-END he adoresth thee with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his flattery.

Yet upon Monday he departeth and the following week he sendeth thee—a POST CARD!

And life is just one disappointment after another.

Then send me, I beseech Thee: A painless shoe and a painless flirtation.

A corset which doth not bind—and a man who maketh love in a NEW way.

Fair weather—and a woman friend who will not talk about me and revile me whenever I am out of earshot.

A good appetite—and a flirtation which doth not grow stale BEFORE the first kiss.

A full moon—and a man who doth not spoil the effect thereof, neither jar with the scenery; for a maid in the moonlight with the WRONG man is as a canoe without a paddle and a hook without a line.

A bathing suit that doth not cling—and a dancing partner who hath not JUST graduated from the nursery; neither matriculated for the grave.

A convincing novel—and a platonic friend who doth not try to hold my hand.

ONE thrill—and an engagement ring which will not "come off" in the autumn!

Amen!

Little Stories by Big Men.

By EDWIN S. STUART

(Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania).

THOSE who have enjoyed the blessed alchemy of public favor, which turns all things into appreciation and makes life whole, some, may have an inkling of the pleasure I experienced in visiting the towns and villages of my State after election.

The committee man replied: "Very good for a town of this size."

CHAPTERS FROM A WOMAN'S LIFE

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LII.

TO say that I was impatient to hear how the tip Mr. Cosgrove gave Jack turned out is putting it mildly. The stock had fluctuated but little up to the time I had left, and Jack's face had resumed its anxious expression. But when his letter came I saw at once that it was all right.

"We have over two thousand dollars to our credit," he wrote, and, "Mr. Cosgrove says the advance has only just begun."

"I see you have good news, daughter. Your face fairly glows. May I know what it is?" mother asked, as I finished reading the letter.

"Yes, of course," Jack has made some more money!" I answered, unthinkingly.

"There are other things besides making money that lead to happiness, dear," she answered quietly. "I am afraid you give undue importance to making money." Then, "How Mother had made me promise to ask him to take a few days' vacation and come for us when he should return."

"I'll read you what he says," and I read her all the letter excepting that relating to finances.

"I am well," Jack wrote, "and having a pretty good time, although I miss you and the babies. I have been down to the club every night. Played golf with Eberhardt and Somers yesterday afternoon. Have motor cars both every day. Shall meet you when I have to go by train. The house is nearly finished, and everything is O. K. I have had one or two little disagreements with the man, but I guess it will work out all right. Mrs. Eberhardt came over to the links yesterday afternoon and invited Somers and me to dinner. Pretty decent. I'll ask you, don't you think? Tell your mother I would be delighted to come for you if it were possible, but just now it looks as though I can't. Why not bring her back with you?" I wish you would! She somehow has a good effect on us both. Give her my love, kiss the kids and don't let them forget me. Your loving Jack."

"What a nice letter!" mother said as I again laid it down. "I wish he had told me more about some things," I replied. I then told mother of Highland Terrace, the Eberhardts, the country club where Jack was staying, and of the way that Neil and Rumsey were also talking of building near us.

"I hope they will," mother replied, "I liked Mrs. Grant very much. She is a sweet, sensible little woman, and it would make it pleasant for you having her near you."

I, too, liked Neil, but I wasn't so sure that I cared to have her live too near. I knew she disapproved of many things I did, and I didn't enjoy her little preachments. But of

you know cannot help himself. Being a gentleman is never being ashamed of your mother or her home, no matter how old fashioned or homely they may be.

Being a gentleman is recognizing distress in any form and putting forth an effort to relieve it.

Being a gentleman is respecting your wife's wishes more than any other woman's.

Being a gentleman is giving a little to the poor.

Being a gentleman is not taking a business advantage of a man who

way, even if you are tired. Being a gentleman is making no promises unless you can keep them. Being a gentleman is willingness to take an honest man by the hand, no matter if he be the commonest laborer of the streets.

Being a gentleman is saving your anger against a friend till you have had time to think it over.

And, above all, being a gentleman is a continued cultivation of the human mind.